HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

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HERALD OF FREEDOM.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Herald of Freedom.

To the Editor of the Christian Panoply.

My heart sinks within me when I reflect upon the unavoidable necessity that compels me to differ in opinion from many for whom I have the highest respect and the most ardent love. But when I am forced to indulge the apprehension that the performance of my duty may excite opposition and division among those who have hitherto been united for the defence of the gospel, I am to a still greater degree depressed in my spirits, and grieved in my soul. But, sir, duty seems to call upon me to convict you in this public manner, of the most unworthy dereliction of that course which is pursued by all honest, upright, christian minds, and which ought ever to be adorned by you in particular, as the conductor of a prominent religious journal. The gospel, sir, embryo as it was in the Old Testament, and standing up in its magnificent maturity and glory in the New, teaches us, to say the least, that it is some evidence of christian character, to "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them." The Spirit of the Lord God exhibiting its divine efficiency in controlling the actions of the omnipotent Redeemer, it is prophesied of him, that he was anointed "to preach good tidings unto the meek;" that he was sent "to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." You profess, sir, to be an incubator and defender of the gospel. Your profession is public; "known and read of all men." It is proper, then, that your profession should be publicly tried, in an impartial manner. Do you, sir, with your coadjutors in the scheme of expatriation, carry out that intention of the gospel so far as you have influence, to "loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke?" Sir, you do not, you have left this part of the gospel out of sight. *You do not even profess to do it.* No colonizationist *can* profess to do it, without forfeiting his character as such. If you have ever (and I believe you have) called upon a community of men that read and think and understand, to exercise their credulity by believing you to be a friend to the slave's emancipation, you have unwarily stepped upon abolition ground. And you have speedily bethought yourself, and vociferated with renewed madness 'GREAT IS THE DIANA OF COLONIZATION!' Your heart inclines, yes, directly points, towards colonization, towards Liberia, towards anywhere, in the wide universe or out of it, for a method of ridding yourself of the inconvenience of the colored man's presence, as the heart of the Priest and the Levite pointed *straight* towards Jericho, and as the needle points to the pole; and if it is turned any other way, it is by constraint; you have to hold it there, or it will fly back again.—You have reversed the principles of the gospel. You have taught the world that it is no virtue for a man to "visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction," *if they are slaves.* You have sought to make men believe that they should not "do good as they have opportunity," *if those to whom they would do good are slaves.* Your doctrine is, —let slavery alone, it will burst off its own chains, it will secure its own freedom, the gospel is at work; that will wash away the crimson stain. You have brushed away every cob-web in every corner of your benighted mind in search of weapons with which to contend against abolitionists. To bring them into contempt, to make the charges made against them by the slaveholders of the south appear true, to defeat the object of their prayers and their labors, to nail up every door through which the sorrowful captive might escape from his prison, (unless his escape be toward his grave, in the depths of the Atlantic, or in the burning sands of Liberia) and to seal up every window through which light might enter his polluted abode, (until you can get his *consent* to go far away from this land of oppressive prejudice,) this has been your object. In endeavoring to secure it, you have shown as much zeal as any other man, if not as much ability. To defend colonization against the abolitionists, you have expended more pen, ink and paper, you have occupied more of the space in your columns, and of the time of your readers, than would, if rightly employed, have been necessary to have thrown out upon the world a flood of light upon this all-absorbing subject, and have made many a southern despot to tremble, and many an enslaved Ethiopian rise up a free man, "stretching out his hands unto God," when you have all the time been aware that colonization would not abolish slavery in a thousand ages.

I have called your paper a burial place of *light.* More than a year ago, one of your correspondents said, "*light* is what I want: I wish you would give us some *light on this subject;*" i. e. the subject of slavery. Your reply was that "you should be glad to gratify your correspondent, if there were any light to communicate. But we have," you add, "seen no increase of it for a long time past." You then gave, in connection with your insulting and untrue reply, a short quotation from a letter written by an anti-slavery lecturer concerning his labors in one or two towns. Sir, for you to say that you have seen no increase of light on this subject, is to say what you and I (and every body else that knows any thing about it,) know to be unfounded. And for a man to occupy the station which you occupy, without spreading that light which is so abundant, is to act the basest part—it is to manifest the most inhuman disregard of the "weeping and wailing" that ever rushes out of the deep of slavery in thunderous volume from the despairing hearts of your equal fellow-men. You have no light to give; sir, I am indignant at such a pretence. I am ashamed that such an ungodly suggestion should come from the only orthodox paper in New-Hampshire. For saying so, Mr. Duffie would, if he knew it, give you the head of his best slave. Sir, your readers, many of them, take no other paper; and if they do take another, they are no more likely to get light from it than they are from yours. And in the name of insulted humanity I would ask, how, in such circumstances, you could expect them to know or care any thing about slavery? They do not know, they do not care any thing about it. They are in ignorance upon the subject, and to all time they will be, unless they get light somewhere else than from pro-slavery publications like yours. Being in ignorance upon the subject, and upon all other subjects of the like nature, justly expecting that you will remind them of whatever is important to them, they as a matter of course care nothing about it, they do nothing. But, sir, upon your head lies a heavy amount of guilt. When galled by his chains, and smarting under the lash of the taskmaster, the slave may look to you, and in his despair and revenge, pronounce his curse—"*you knew your duty to me but you did it not!*"—When, sir, have you told your readers to look at the fact that there are 3,000,000 of slaves in this land? When have you given them an understanding of the unholy laws that bind them? When have you depicted the cruelties that the slave endures? When have you vindicated the cause of the oppressed from the unholy and unreasonable charges made against it by the wicked?—When have you warned your readers against giving their countenance to slaveholding, by holding fellowship with the slaveholder? When have you told them of the inroads that slavery is making upon the church of Christ? When have you told the southern slaveholder that he is a robber of God's image? Never! Never—unfaithful man.—"The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto God from the ground." You have more than once refused to give light, when requested to do it. You have published Francis S. Key's defence of slaveholding, and for it the slaveholder will give you due credit. I would warrant you safety in any part of the south, while an abolitionist would be instantly put to death. And have you pursued a christian course? Have you loved your neighbor as yourself? When the bloody pirate who deals in human bodies and souls can reconcile his course with the holy principles of the gospel, then can you show that your conduct and the commands of God agree. JOHN LEBOSQUET.

Nottingham, 1839.

For the Herald of Freedom.

Slaveholding combines in its essence, all the essential elements of wickedness. It demands worship of God and man. It says, "I am God!" Hence, the great body of the slave code of laws, runs contrary to the *divine law.* The law of God guarantees protection to the run-away servants. How is it with the slave statute? Answer, ye pro-slavery drivers, jurists and statesmen. The law of God enjoins a fair compensation for labor; what are the precepts of slave holders? Answer, all ye who live in luxury and riot on the unpaid toils of the defenceless slave. The law of God demands sympathy and commiseration for the oppressed. How is it with the common slave usage of all our political gamblers, and political jugglers, and aspirants for office, of both, and all political parties? Answer, ye northen dough faces. The law of God does not allow of robbery for an offering. From whence then issue those streams of sweat and tears and blood that flow into the treasury of our ascended God and Saviour to execute his great and glorious injunction to evangelize the nations? Answer, all ye receivers and treasurers of missionary and bible societies, &c., tell the dwellers in Asia—in Europe—on Afric's sultry plains—on the islands of the sea, and all the heathen, that those crimson streams flow directly from the cotton, sugar, rice and tobacco plantations of Christian America! The law of God says—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." The whole of the divine law in all our social and relative duties rest securely on this everlasting rock—Do, as you would be done by. And since God has made of one blood all the nations of men—all men are *of course* created equal—equally entitled to all natural, social, civil, political and religious privileges; and immunities. Where then is the moral sense of this guilty nation? Where slumbers the angel of *universal freedom*? Where are the sympathies of ministers and churches for the poor down trodden slave—the living representative of their acknowledged Lord and Master? Where are the bowels of mercies (the characteristics of the Savior's followers) for those made childless, motherless, fatherless, forlorn and wretched by the operation of the Patriarchal Institution? Echo answers where. Blessed be God, the great Capt. of Salvation has gone forth with him are a few chosen followers, they understand the thunder of their Leader's voice! His language is "Slavery shall die." Amen. The oppressed shall go free! "Kiss the son, lest he be angry and ye perish from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little." "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him." N. BROWN.

Kingston, Aug. 1839.

Mr. Rogers,—My mind was forcibly struck with the following sentiment in Rev. Mr. Bliss's answer to President Lord's letter. "That emancipation will follow as one of the fruits of the gospel, whenever its living power has gained possession of the hearts of slaveholders there can be no doubt."

Inference. The man who continues to hold slaves, evidences that the living power of the gospel has never taken possession of his heart. Let this sentiment be maintained and defended by the ministers of the gospel and abolition lecturers would cease disturbing our churches. WM. TEMPLE.

Boscawen, Aug. 1839.

For the Herald of Freedom.

Ointment.

A valuable remedy for a very dangerous kind of leprosy, which prevails to great extent in this country, infecting and contaminating, not only the blood but the very intellects of its inhabitants, and threatening to destroy the whole "constitution."

This precious, *Balsamic, Anti-spasmodic, Anodyne,* may be obtained genuine in many of the large towns and cities at the north, as, Boston, Concord, *Canaan,* New York, Utica &c. and Alton in the west, as also in all the villages, towns, and cities in the southern states.

But the surest place to obtain it ready compounded, is Washington City, D. C. to which place it is brought by the *pedlars,* who resort thither from all parts of the country, during the session of Congress.

Or, it may be made sufficiently strong for domestic use, by any person, who will be at the trouble and expense to collect the chief ingredients, and compound them agreeably to the following—Prescription.

Take of Negro hatred, the hardest kind, as much—*as man can hold.*

Oil of Demagogue, one fourth as much.—

Gum Colonization, the weight of *half a man.* Put these together into a crucible, called a Grogery; and when heated so that the *Hatred* and Gum Col. begin to melt and flow, add suddenly, as much extract of southern-weed, commonly called *Lynch-law or Mobocracy,* as will cause the whole to effervesce, so as to flow over the vessel, when it must be stirred briskly to prevent a waste of the scum, which rises and is an *essential* part.

Add to this, whilst cooling, a D. D's head-full of scripture arguments and apologies for slavery, and "limitations of human responsibilities" &c.

When so cool as not to burn ones fingers, stir in gradually, enough of Pro-slavery, gag resolutions to preserve the whole *any length of time;* especially Patton's and Atherton's, which are essential to complete the whole, and render it worthy the name of Panacea.

This well applied to the whole body will cure that most irritating, agitating, exciting and dangerous distemper, called ABOLITION. CALEB CURE-EM-ALL.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

The friends of the slave generally will rejoice to hear of the safe arrival in England of WENDELL PHILLIPS and lady. Probably, no young man has ever left this country with a larger number of friends and admirers behind him, deeply solicitous for his safety and welfare, than Mr. Phillips. The following letter from his pen, announcing his arrival, contains much interesting information, and will be read with interest. We expect to receive other communications from him, as he shall find opportunity to write. The health of his lady, we are glad to hear, has been improved by the voyage. May they, in due time, be restored to their home and friends in safety! The labors of Mr. Phillips are greatly needed in this Commonwealth at the present time; but he will do much for the slave and for humanity abroad. It seems he has seen our beloved THOMPSON, with whom he had no personal acquaintance in this country, and whose health, thousands will be pleased to learn, is excellent, while he still continues to be in labors most abundant. And what a mighty and glorious enterprise is that which he has espoused!

Liberator.

LONDON, July 31, 1839.

DEAR GARRISON:

On my arrival here, I delivered the letters I brought, to all the individuals I could find, and put the rest in the way of reaching their destination. H. Martineau is in France; so I lose the the pleasure of seeing her, for the present. Thompson I sought at one or two anti-slavery 'homes,' before I could find trace of him. At Aldermanbury, they could tell me nothing of his whereabout, except that he was probably near London. Indeed, I found Aldermanbury silent, lonely, almost deserted, except an occasional visit from its Secretary, Mr. Stokes; but the associations of the place make me linger awhile, looking around on its well-filled presses, its long piles of documents, its busts and books—the scene of so many sacrifices; counsels, and struggles, whose result stretch over both hemispheres, and into ages to come.

I found news of our friend, at last, at the British India Society; and on Wednesday called at his rooms. He looks well, seems strong—busy, deeply engaged, just setting off for Glasgow, to address a meeting there on on the 1st of August—whither he urged me to go with him: but it was impossible, much to my regret. We are afraid to stay longer than absolutely necessary in this damp, cold climate. He has been very kind in introducing me to persons and places. I saw him daily while he remained in town: yet, owing to his multiplied engagements, correcting the proofs of the account of the great India meeting, attending committee consults, &c. we had not a great deal of conversation together. I was glad, however, to be able to give him, what he had not seen, a file of the Liberator since January. He left us on Saturday, with repeated charges to give his best love and kindest remembrance to all. 'I remember,' said he, 'every hole into to which I crept in America—every man that I saw: they are all dear.' 'Tell them I am not perhaps, able to judge yet about the present differences. My heart is knit to them all, but especially to the Massachusetts abolitionists.'

We went together to the House of Commons. I have heard some of the principal speakers—Hume, Russell, Spring, Rice, Peel, Lushington, Sir James Graham. It was cheering to observe the constant vigilance and earnest attention on every subject which could affect, in the remotest degree, the slavery question; and this from both sides of the House. That foul stain on the English government, the apprenticing of the negroes found in the captured slave ships—(after which they are usually lost sight of and frequently merged in the slave population, especially in Cuba,) was commented on and pledges given by the colonial Secretary, that it would be discontinued in future. Lushington introduced the subject of the Coolies. It excited an animated discussion from Whigs and Tories, and all the speakers demanded that the contracts made by those unhappy men, should be annulled by government, at any cost, and the importation forbidden in future. O'Connell was present awhile, but took no part in the debates. I owe to his kindness my second admission to the House. No one enters, even into the galleries, without a permit from a member.

The friends here are deeply interested in the great meeting of next year, fixed for 12th June, 1840. Dawes and his comrade, with myself, attended a meeting of the committee of the British and Foreign A. S. Society, in which it was discussed. Sturge presided. They are very anxious to have a large representation from America. Thompson insists on your coming, accompanied by many of the men and women of our ranks. A large body of questions have been prepared, suited to every quarter of the world where slavery exists, or has just been abolished, which, if attended too by the delegates, will place before the world a more valuable body of information than we have seen hitherto. The committee voted a delegation to wait on Webster, who is now in the city.

The friends here are most deeply engaged in the investigation of the India question. Thompson is swallowed up in it. You will see by the pamphlets, (a large stock of which are sent with his and Miss Pease's contribution to the Ladies' Fair,) that it has the most direct bearing on American slavery. It seems, from the testimony of India Governors, English cotton and sugar merchants, that labor in India is less than *two pence a day;* and sugar may be placed in the English market at *eighteen pounds sterling per ton,* while the American and West India is selling at £42. Such is the testimony of the rich Fleming of Glasgow. Cotton, also, can be afforded at *three pence a pound,* while ours sells at *nine pence.*

Gladstone, the great slaveholder,—infamous for having originated the importation of the full Coolies,—confessed within a month, that his investments in the East yielded double what they did in the West Indies; and in his own words, '*It is all up with the slave labor.*'

Brougham and O'Connell have entered the field. At a great meeting here, they both spoke with great eloquence. Brougham complimented our friend Thompson more than ever. A host of philanthropists are marshalled to claim for India *the liberty to work*—for, it seems, an oppressive land-tax grinds them to the dust. Yet, notwithstanding this, the prices are as have been stated above. It is whispered, also, that several capitalists are embarking largely in the cotton trade in East India. The first ship that enters a British harbor, freighted with the result of such investments, bears with her the death-warrant of slavery in the United States and the Brazils!

They tell us of Eastern magic, which changed gold into slate stones in your very hand. Perhaps we can unseal from their imprisonment, some of these genii of the East, like the fisherman in the fairy tale, and before their march Mr. Clay will find his $1200,000,000 of *property in man* changed to dust in his very grasp.

It is not only the abolitionists who are anxious in regard to India at present. English statesmen, here, and in the East, are aware that oppression has driven her iron so deep into starved and plundered Hindostan, that there may be reaction at any moment. One of the Governors observed, he should not be suprised 'to wake any morning, and find the bubble burst;'—and I heard Sir Robert Peel assert, in the House of Commons, that the state of India was such as to authorize an increase of the military force. Thus every thing seems to conspire to aid the movements of our friends—by directing public attention to the subject, by encouraging India produce, and freeing it from excessive taxation. And the national heart is stirred by the prospect of being freed from dependence on foreigners, for the great staple of their manufactures. God grant the plan may succeed; and then that large class of men, upon whom moral influence is thrown away, will find Anti-Slavery starting from their ledgers. We can hold our conventions in deserted counting houses, and our society need publish only the prices current.

We shall see the South, ready now to nullify an '*unconstitutional* and *oppressive*' tariff, beg protection for her great staple, to enable our manufacturers to compete with England, and uphold the slave-drivers, and, doubtless we shall see the North accede to the plan! But, protected or unprotected, before the sunny gales of that tropic, 'whence merchants bring their spicy drugs,' the fetters of the slave will melt away.

Sturge thinks the late slaveholders in the West Indies require too much watching, to allow the abolitionists to take their eyes from that spot. He takes, therefore, no great part in the new movement. Scoble and Stuart are in the West Indies. Their accounts are highly interesting, and very favorable. We spent an evening with the Peases. They remind us more of the American friends than any others we see here.

By the bye, I met yesterday in the Strand, a white and a colored man walking arm in arm, both of highly respectable appearance, laughing merrily. Looking round, and seeing no appearance of a mob, gave me the most realizing sense I have had, that I was no longer in America!!

Remember me affectionately to all the friends in that land 'which, homelings, from this little world we name.' There are no meetings, after all, like our Board meetings, and no gatherings like the gatherings at 25, Cornhill. Remember me to them all. I hope you have, by this time lectured through the whole valley of the Connecticut. To Collins, my fellow-laborer, I send my best wishes. He needs no spur: on the contrary, there are swords which wear out their scabbards.

I feel that my letter tells you little. Yet we are here at a most interesting crisis. At the moment, when the anti-slavery host seemed falling assunder for want of some definite object, Providence has opened a fresh field for exertion,—given a new impulse to their zeal. The fountains of the great moral deep are just breaking up. The dawn of a new crusade seems breaking over us. The friends of the slave have cheerfully buckled on their new armor. They have not forgotten the negro,—only changed ground to serve him more effectually. Into the dark chambers of the degraded Brazil, and hard hearted America, the rays of the moral sun can hardly penetrate. Our efforts with some men seem mere beating the air—hewing porphyry with lead. But India speaks—and a Thompson says, 'We need not wait till Portugal is honest, till America is consistent,' to abolish slavery. Our friends have laid new sacrifices on the altar of humanity. George Thompson is known to have put aside the most flattering offers of worldly aggrandizement and wealth, to throw *himself* a rich and willing offering into this new cause.

God bless you,

Most affectionately yours,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

W. L. Garrison.

☞ Laus Deo! The information contained in the following letter from a well-known abolitionist at Northampton is of very considerable importance. The total abolition of slavery in the French Colonies is an event not far distant! The ordinance of the French King, if carried out in this country, would make sweeping work of the slave system at the South! They cannot fail to affect its stability.—*Liberator.*

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE FRENCH COLONIES.

Louis Phillippe has lately issued two ordinances, which may be considered as the beginning at the emancipation in his dominions.

The first requires a census and registry of slaves in the several towns, in which they are held, and provides that a slave, who shall not be registered shall be free.

The object of this ordinance is explained by the French papers to be, that the government may be able 'to control all the mutations which may take place in the condition of their population.'

The second ordinance enfranchises in the island of Martinique, Guadaloupe, French Guiana, and the isle of Bourbon,

1. All slaves, with whom their masters or mistresses have contracted marriage.

2. All slaves, who, with the consent of their masters, have contracted marriage with free persons; and if the parties have had natural children, these also are free.

3. All slaves, who, with the consent of their masters, are claimed by free persons, with whom they have contracted marriage before the date of this ordinance.

4. All slaves adopted with the consent of their masters by a free person.

5. All slaves who shall have been made general legatees by their masters, or appointed executors of guardians or his children.

6. Natural children, who are the slaves of their father or of their mother.

7. Parents, who are the slaves of their children.

8. Brothers and sisters, who are slaves of their brothers and sisters.

You will perceive that some of these provisions are of considrable importance. If they were applied to our slave states, they would 'secure the blessings of liberty to the posterity' of thousands of American democrats.

The Chamber of Deputies have again taken up the subject of general emancipation. The plan proposed is nearly the same as that brought forward last year by M. Passy, now one of the ministers. Its leading feature is the emancipation of all born after the passage of this act. But this project was declared, when it was first introduced, to be merely initiative, or, in other words, *a feeler.* We may well hope something better.

M. DE TRACY, in moving this question, addressed the chamber at considerable length. He stated that a report had been made upon the proposition of M. Passy, which was put in the orders of the day, but not acted upon in consequence of the late Chamber. [This report was in favor of emancipation.]

He said, 'that, in his opinion, the abolition of slavery was demanded, not only by humanity, but also by the interest of the colonies.

In conclusion, he said, 'when an injust-

ice can be repaired, or at least desisted from, we continue to commit it at every instant, during which we tolerate it.'

For the newspaper and letter conveying the above information, we are indebted to a truly noble friend of our righteous cause, a member of the Mass. A. S. Society, now in France. C.

HERALD OF FREEDOM.

CONCORD: AUGUST 31, 1839.

All men are by nature equally free and independent and have certain inherent rights, of which, when they enter into a state of society they cannot by any compact deprive or divest their posterity—namely the enjoyment of life and LIBERTY, with the means of acquiring and possessing property and obtaining happiness and safety.—CONSTITUTION OF VIRGINIA

Lecturing Agents.

Rev. John W. Lewis has been appointed agent of the N. H. Anti Slavery Society to lecture and collect funds for the treasury of the Society. We trust our friends throughout the state will afford him as liberal pecuniary countenance as they do audiences. Of the latter, brother Lewis never fails, we believe, to have a house full, be the house more or less. Will abolitionists see to it that he is sustained. Bro. Lewis has to eat and go clad, just like any white man, and if he is a little brighter and keener than some of us, he can't live *upon* his wits—however much he may deserve, in this instance, to live *by* them. He pleads the cause of humanity.—Let New-Hampshire anti-slavery spare a little something from *party* and *sect* (the two absorbers of what vanity leaves in the pocket) to keep him alive. Bro. Lewis will prove a powerful assailant of pro-slavery, if we can keep him in the field.

Rev. Parker Pillsbury has also been appointed agent. Whether he will be able to accept the appointment is not settled. We trust he will be. Our State is suffering for lack of agencies. The people are every where eager for lectures. Send us lecturers, they cry from all quarters. Except brother Lewis, we have not a single man in the field. The White Mountain State—it is "every where *white* to the harvest." Shall there be no reapers? The missionary to India we can send and sustain. But there is not a spot in India that so suffers for the missionary, as New-Hampshire. All that is wanting to awaken our overflowing charity is a *strange language* and a few thousand miles *distance*.

Bro. Pillsbury is wanted in Massachusetts. We tell the Bay State they must not have him. They have got Foster from us, when he ought to be laboring here among the rocks. Let them spare us Pillsbury. And let brother P. weigh it well before he determines to forego the anti-slavery service, for the contracted and hampered position of a parish minister. He is peculiarly fitted for the anti slavery crisis. His qualifications amount, in our apprehension, to an especial call from Providence. What can he do at Loudon for the cause of Christ? Comparatively nothing. Field campaigns are called for at this time, rather than the occupation of posts. General engagements and pitched battles are the warfare for the times and not the maintenance of forts or the attacks on villages. The grand enemy of the church and of the Head of the Church, at this hour on the earth, is American slavery as it exists at the South and in the North. And it is not to be overthrown by local and limited battle.

We should love to have brother Pillsbury for our minister. The abolitionists of London no doubt regard him as the apple of their eye, as a faithful minister ought always to be valued by the people. But they will give him up for the slave and the grand cause of liberty and christianity in the land. Bro. P. is not a man who will avoid the fatigues and sacrifices of the abolition service, for the sake of settlement and a parish. He will not go "into his house, to eat or to sleep" in shelter and security, while the anti-slavery "ark abides in tents" and the Joabs of the cause are "encamped in the open fields." No—duty, and not ease or interest, is the question with him. He refused a liberal salary from the Massachusetts Society, that he might give himself to his native New-Hampshire. The question before him now is not that. It is whether he can better serve his own state and the cause of righteousness, by laboring at large or by limiting himself to the bounds of a parish clergyman.

We want such clergymen as brother Pillsbury. They can't be spared from the pulpit. We must have more of them. Anti-slavery agencies and lectures is the way to prepare for a supply of them. The people will provide themselves with such, whenever they are enlightened into the merits of the anti-slavery enterprise. They are becoming so rapidly. They should be, more rapidly.

Another consideration we would offer our brother. Active service in the anti-slavery field is the best possible preparatory exercise for the settled ministry. It will prepare the mind, prepare the soul, and give practical acquaintance with human nature. It is the best school for a proper pulpit eloquence. It gives a manly, generous, philanthropic, *apostle-like* character. It fits a man for an evangelist—travelling or locate. One year in this service, as a lecturer, were worth more to a young minister, in our estimation, than five spent in a parish or ten at Andover.

We commend this consideration to other young brethren beside brother Pillsbury: to students in divinity as well as licensed ministers. Among others, to our talented young brother Eaton, who would make us a second Hamilton in the anti-slavery field. He has completed his classical education. He is preparing for the ministry. If he wants a snug parish, a pulpit that wont open to anti-slavery lectures, an early settlement and a fat salary, and by and by a doctorate, let him go and study *Exegesis* and Hebrew under professor Stuart. But if he wants to be a soldier of the cross, let him go and try his hand and heart in an anti-slavery campaign, among the mountains and mobocracy of New-Hampshire. What would John Frederick Oberlin or Felix Neff have done in his circumstances? Oberlin learned the best of his divinity from the bible and the rocks and streams, and Neff read the scriptures and the "high Alps." Washington learned to command the American revolution, not by studying tactics at the military academy, but by scouting after Frenchmen and Indians in the old French war. We repeat it, the best school for the ministry is the anti-slavery lecturing service. And shall it not be entered by our young brethren when the slave too calls them there for his deliverance.

Collecting Agent.

Dea. John B. Chandler is about going forth in the state to visit the abolitionists and gather up funds, to relieve the state society of its load of debt. A resolution was passed at the annual meeting in June, to raise $2500 to pay the old debt, and defray the current expenses of the cause in the state for the year. Deacon Chandler is appointed agent to collect it. He will find our anti-slavery friends prepared. It is the lightest part of the sacrifices of the cause to furnish the pecuniary means. This is the home service. It is light compared to field service. It is to the travelling agency, the editing &c., what house service is, among our friends at the South, compared to plantation service—which every slave can tell us is a mighty difference. We would here again remind our anti-slavery friends of the propriety and expediency of curtailing their *pro-slavery* expenditures. If they are paying money to party presses,—or to sectarian presses, hostile to their cause,—to pro slavery clergymen, or to any other influences, that go to crush their efforts for the slave—we put it to their consciences, whether they ought not at once to discontinue it. Whether they are thus at liberty, not only to expend the means, which ought to help sustain their own cause, but to build up influences, which are laboring to put their cause down and tread it under foot. If they are paying to support really benevolent enterprises, such as Temperance, Peace and Moral-Reform—ought not these enterprises to be sustained by their friends (if they have any) who are not abolitionists—seeing the anti-slavery cause has to be supported by abolitionists alone?

When Hyder Ali contemplated an assault on the invading English and to clear his country of them entirely and forever—he withdrew his forces from every other service and concentrated his resources on this alone. He made peace with all his other enemies, drew to one point his dispersed and scattered men—dismissed from his mind every other care and enterprise—and "gathering," said Burke, "all his materials for havoc and destruction into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivity of the mountain." Let the successful fruits of Hyder Ali's wisdom teach us abolitionists how to deal with our enemy—our resources and our cause.

Doctor Francis Wayland.

We were much reproached for our want of *deference* and of *respectful argument*, in our notice of this *limited* dignitary's cob-web work, which he wove for slaveholding, under the name of "Limitations of Human Responsibilities." We used no such sort of argument, because there was no occasion for any such. It would have been entirely unseasonable and misplaced.—We showed no deference, because we felt none. We felt nothing but extreme disrespect and even disgust towards the work and towards the authorship and so far towards the author as we are at liberty to feel towards any one wearing the form of humanity. The work struck us painfully at the first, as a piece of complicated and fine woven villainy. It was so on the very face of it, and in the purpose of it (which was evident) and in the texture and warp and filling of it. It was a piece of metaphysics, concocted to puzzle the abolitionists, in their untying the knot of slavery. We *knew* there was treachery at the bottom, and if we don't mis-remember we declared our apprehension that the learned theologian was himself a dabbler in human flesh and blood. The horrible conjecture turns out to be true. We are apprised recently that he is a slaveholder himself, and that when he wrote his book he was courting a plantation, with all the amatory fervor of metaphysics and avarice in compound. We felt there must be some such inducement at the bottom of the Limitations—something personal. The Doctor's logic could not have led him to it. The general pro slavery of the country, in which, as a Doctor, he would largely participate, was, we thought, inadequate. Instinctively we saw a cart-whip and a blood stained cotton bale, in the heap of motives, which originated "The Limitations." And so it proves. The doctor, we learn, is a Cuba slaveholder. If it is true, he ought to be transported to Cuba. If it is not true, the author of the charge ought to acknowledge the falsehood of it. We make it on the authority of a minister of the Dr's own denomination, of entire credit, and worthy of ready belief. Hear it, New-England! Hear it, little Rhode Island." Hear it, Baptists of New-Hampshire, and *color under it*, land of Roger Williams! Brown University! turn black at it, and *Erebus* black, if the chair of your presidency holds any longer within its "limits" the dregs and leavings of West India slavery. Call this *ranting*, if you will, but the stones on Providence hill will *rant*, if *nobody* else will, at the shameless enormity. If the Doctor is engaged in slaveholding directly or indirectly, and is suffered to continue longer at the head of that literary institution, shame and infamy will cover the patrons and trustees of it, the town where it exists, the state, education generally, the colleges of New-England and every thing else, *but the American character*, and that can receive no deeper stains than now dye it, in the estimation of the whole civilized world.

Perhaps we ought to give our authority for this secret of the Doctor's metaphysics. We extract it from the "Vermont Telegraph," a highly respectable and truly religious periodical of the Green Mountain State. In a note to an extract from some other paper, the editor says,

"The readers of the Telegraph—notwithstanding the support given by *President Wayland* to the war institution at West Point, and to the cause of wine-bibbing,—will probably be somewhat surprised to learn that he owns an extensive slave estate in the Island of Cuba, unless he has recently disposed of it. I have it on unquestionable authority, that such is the fact. I leave the subject for consideration, without comment for the present."

And without *further* comment we leave it—merely remarking, that the longer we live, the more we are convinced of the utter inutility and folly of opposing the nonentities of pro-slavery with formal argumentation.

'The South don't care for your Agitation.'

Look at this, and say if they don't care. Read Henry Clay's Letter and see if he has read or overlooked the anti slavery papers, or noticed our movements. If the western orator lays awake nights, for any thing except for his cards, (and for these he rather *sits*,) it is for anti-slavery. Abolition breaks his rest. It has taught him that the slave is his brother man, and that it is eternal manhood, whose breast he has his foot on, and that what lays soiled, marred and bleeding in the dust of the South, is the image of Deity,—the creation but little lower than the angels. Put read the letter,—we will utter its "first impressions" on us, in "*notes*" as we accompany the reader.

From the National Intelligencer.

Mr. Clay and Abolition.

We find the annexed very interesting letter in the Norfolk Herald. It was in reply to one addressed to Mr. Clay by a committee of the Whigs of Nansemond county, Va., enclosing a resolution declaring "that the gallant stand of the Southern Whig members of the late Congress of the United States, and particularly the efforts of Messrs. Clay, of the Senate, Stanly of North Carolina, Prentiss of Mississippi, and Wise of Virginia, of the House of Representatives, to expose and check the fell demon of Abolition.(1) entitle them to the cordial thanks and gratitude of the friends of peace and good order throughout the whole southern country."(2)

Ashland, May 25, 1837.

Gentlemen: I duly received the letter which you did me the honor to address to me, transmitting a copy of a resolution adopt- at a meeting of the Whigs of Nansemond county, recently held.

Whilst I but too sensibly feel that they have placed an estimate entirely too high and flattering upon my capacity, and upon the public services which I have been able to render, it affords me very great satisfaction to learn that I have been so fortunate as to obtain their approbation; and I request you to communicate to those whom you represent my respectful and grateful acknowledgments for the sentiments of respect and esteem with an expression of which they honored me.(3)

At the session of Congress prior to the last, I presented resolutions to the Senate touching the institution of domestic slavery, embracing all the principles applicable to the subject, the maintenance of which appeared to me necessary to the security of property, the stability of our system of general government, and harmony among the States of the Union.(4) At the last session of Congress, the ultra Abolitionists had presented themselves under a new and alarming aspect. Instead of restricting their exertions to moral persuasion, addressed to the consciences of slaveholders, keeping aloof from parties and politics, as they originally professed to be their intention, they had openly proclaimed their purpose to enter the political arena, and, denouncing all who did not adopt their dogmas and agree with them, to force their principles and their men by the aid of the ballot-box.(5)

It required but little foresight to discern the frightful consequences which would result from this change of their position, if they should succeed. The Union would be first convulsed throughout, and finally broken into fragments.(6) I thought, therefore, at the last session, that the time was suitable to warn the country of their designs and efforts; and hence the speech which has commended itself to the approbation of the Whigs of Nansemond. That speech is but an expansion of the argument embodied in the resolutions of the previous session.(7) And I shall be most happy if it should contribute any thing towards arresting the mad career(8) of these misguided men, and towards preserving the Union, which is the surest guaranty of all the high privileges which we enjoy.

In the Constitution of that Union there is not a solitary provision, fairly interpreted and fairly administered, which authorises any interference of Congress with domestic slavery as it exists in the United States.(9) There is no one, relating to the subject, which does not recognise and treat slaves as lawful property, or look to the safety and security of that property. The clause which fixes the representation in the popular branch of Congress, establishes a ratio founded upon the acknowledged existence of slavery;(10) and, in the apportionment of direct taxes among the states, slaves are assumed to be lawful property.(11) On the occasion of the imposition of a direct tax to prosecute the late war with Great Britain, slaves were taxed by Congress *as slaves*, and their proprietors paid the tax accordingly.(12) The provision which secures the surrender of fugitive slaves to their owners, of course admits that they are legitimate property, and was intended to preserve peace and harmony among the states. I have seen, with inexpressible surprise and deep regret, that it has been contended not only that this conservative stipulation may be evaded, but, that it is even meritorious to violate it.(13) Meritorious to violate an express injunction of that Constitution which many of us are solemnly sworn, and all are bound faithfully to support! If any citizens of the United States, who object to a particular part of the Constitution, may elude and disregard it, other citizens, dissatisfied with other parts, have an equal right to violate them; and universal nullification of the sacred(14) instrument would be the necessary consequence.

I thank you, gentlemen, cordially, for the friendly and flattering manner in which you have executed the commission assigned to you by the Whigs of Nansemond, and request you to be assured of the sentiments of esteem and regard with which I am, faithfully,

Your friend and obedient servant.

H. CLAY.

Messrs. JOHN C. CRUMP, THOS. H. P. GOODWIN, and JOHN C. COHOON, &c. &c.

(1) "Fell demon of abolition!" Abolition of what, thou hollow hearted wretch, thou party vulture—perched, now these thirty years, on the flag staff at the capital,—eyeing the carrion at its foot,—and pouncing ever and anon to bury thy harpy claws and smear thy obscene beak in festering and putrid humanity. Abolition of *what*, that thou stylest it thus! Abolition of *human slavery*! That's it—and you call it a *demon*. You mistake it, for what it would abolish, or you mistake it for yourself.

(2) It disturbs "peace and good order," this demon of abolition—at the South, among the planters, as it does here, at the North, among the ecclesiastical conservatives of *peace and good order*, and the organizations of party. If this demon could be checked or exposed, he that could effect it, would be entitled to a vote of thanks from many an association, many a caucus, many a doctor guided seminary and institute—at the North, together with the whole cotton growing, slave bleeding, "Southern country."

(3) Of this dexterous paragraph of demagogue hypocrisy, we have nothing to say, only that it is no worse, no hollower, no falser, than the ordinary disclaiming of desperate ambition. It is the thrice rejecting by Cæsar of the proffered crown of the Presidency. "Too high and flattering," Mr. Clay? too high to be fully answered by making you President? Do you not think you *should* be made president? Are you not aiming at that? Did you not perform those *public services*, and display that *capacity*, that you might win that office, and its dignities and peculiar incidents? You don't care to be sure for the salary, or the pomp of it. You would like the *power* and the *position*; and you would fill it, with all the glory of "archangel ruined." You would not incumber it sneakingly, like a *northern* man with your southern principles, or rather without principles. You would move yourself in that central point, with somewhat of 'original brightness' 'not' yet all 'lost.' But in saying all you have, you but gamble for the bauble of the Presidency. Proud man,—you will be baffled of it. There is an aspirant of a more stooping craft than yourself. There is—that will descend to the centre for it.

(4) What 'principles' *secure* "*property?*" Why the principle that I must earn and you *may* enjoy—I sow and you reap—or rather I sow and reap, and you consume both me and the harvest. 'Security of property!' to whom? the owner, or the thief who steals it? The earner and fair owner or the highwayman who plunders it? Who *earned* the property you daily plunder from your sixty slaves? What are the *principles*, that strip him of it and *secure* it to *you?* The *principles* that lead to the State Prison and the gallows.

(5) Alarming indeed, when they go to the ballot box—but utterly innoxious, when addressing only the conscience. There is nothing alarming to the politician and the statesman in *moral suasion* or in appeals to conscience. They are suasion-proof, the lofty bosomed patriots. Moral suasion is for women and children. Nothing can scale the heights of their amenability, but the power of election, the rhetoric and *argument* of majorities. And when they are reached and alarmed by these, what is their alarm good for? When they are won over to the ranks of liberty, what are they good for? Nothing—less than nothing. They are an enemy in the camp.

(6) The Hon. Henry Clay has reckoned the value of the enslaved immortality of the South, at $1200,000.000. Our "Pedler" correspondent guessed he might put it "a leetle less"—for the money down. Has the great calculator ever estimated the *number* and *size* of the fragments, into which the Union would be smashed, provided the abolition voters should choose a Congress, that would clear that gory District of its pollutions; or an electoral college, that would leave him at home to drink with Dr. Humphry, and show him the two footed and fourfooted cattle in the yards at Ashland;—and pack home the doubling fox from Kinderhook, to bathe his smellers beneath the poultry roosts on the banks of the Hudson? "Finally"—into fragments. *When* Mr. Clay? You say *finally*. We say *then* if *ever*—surely not before *then*, not *till* "*finally*,"—and *finally*, we don't think it will shiver *then*. We think it will "*finally*" be made up into one, out of the fragments, into which slavery has now sundered it. The nation is "convulsed" now,—not the *Union*. There is no union of the kind you speak of. The nation, without union, a disunited, heterogenous, mass of incompatibilities, is now convulsed by the anti-slavery volcano, and it will heave it and disquiet it, that mighty central fire, till the principles of disunion shall fuse and flow out over and adown the sides of the delivered mountain.

(7) An expansion of nothing. In its density it was a nonentity, and an invisibility. The microscope could not detect its existence. The expansion of the gold beater's hammering, what has it spread out for the eye to rest on? Less than nothing and vanity.

(8) That career, madman! mad as it is, your orator tongue has not the charm to arrest or impede. Go bid the long and winding Ohio cease his meanders to the father of waters. *Expand* an *argument* on the turbid Mississippi itself, as it settles, in the congregated impulses of half the earth's waters, towards the burning line; bid it stand *arrested* or wheel and hurry back by the bloody little city far up on its mighty banks, were fell LOVEJOY for LIBERTY,—order it back to the rocky mountains, and transfer its delta from the gulf of Mexico, to the Arctic circle,—where instead of the Pirate and the shark, shall play the canoe of the Esquimaux, and the Walruss. Bid the old river turn and run the *other* way. Try your hands and voice, for they are mighty, and argue an arrest of the massy earth, on her old hub-worn axle. She has taken on *a momentum*—rotating, as she has, these six thousand years; check it—arrest it—warn it—menace it; and let Calhoun stand by, upon independent South Carolina, and congratulate the check of the wheeling sphere. You may then "*begin*" to *dream* of the arrest of anti-slavery.

(9) *Foully* "interpreted" and *more foully* "administered," must any provision be, that should *tolerate* "domestic slavery" in that District. Who speaks of *fairness*, in connection with human bondage and misery? Henry Clay, the advocate of South American liberty, the clamorer for the Pole and for the emancipation of the Greek—while he slanders his own constitution with charging upon it slavery, when *fairly interpreted* and *fairly administered*. Slavery and not liberty, he charges, is the legitimate fruit of that Constitution, *fairly interpreted* and *administered!*

(10) *Acknowledging its existence* is all the constitution does, and that with averted head and sheepish phrase.

(11) Slaves are *not* so assumed, by the constitution.

(12) That Congress so assumed, (Mr. Clay at its head) is true and they would do it again. Whether the mean spirited owners paid the tax or not we don't know. If they did not it was not the first direct tax they refused to pay.

(13) The stipulation is not conservative of any rights to remand other than fugitives who "*owe slave service under the laws of the state from which they fled.*" We ask the great compromiser to take our Motto, at the head of the editorial, and say whether that sort of service can be owed by any emigrant from his native state of old Virginia, unless the emigrant has "divested" himself of his liberty 'by compact'? No man can be a slave, in old Virginia, unless he chooses and contracts to be one, or her Constitution is a rag!

(14) "SACRED Instrument" it would be, if "fairly interpreted and fairly administered," it would enslave the people who live under its jurisdiction.

To Rev. David Sutherland.

My dear sir—I have addressed to you two letters, over my own name written in the spirit which I truly cherish towards you,—that of most respectful friendship. They have neither of them been noticed by you, either in the Panoply, where "Senex" commenced his unprovoked strictures on my paper.—or by communication to me, as editor or otherwise. Perhaps you have not yet had time to make the communication I invited. This I can hardly conjecture, after the vivacious promptitude, with which my remarks on the article of "Senex," were noticed by a second letter from that venerable correspondent of the Panoply. Had my respected friend not then noticed, that the editor of the Panoply had disclosed his name, and was my letter his first apprisal of that disclosure? Would he have continued to write articles over the name of "Senex," which he now declines to write over his *own signature*? I will not conjecture yet, that my communications are unnoticed, because it would be discreditable to correspond openly with the editor of the black man's paper. This would be unbecoming the professed follower of Him, who washed the feet of his fisher disciples. And besides, my kind hearted friend is the poor man's companion and brother. He is the colored man's friend. He sat at the table with *Dilly*, when they had not company. And when they had company, and "wife was a little perplexed,—it is your province' said he 'to decide." Writing about the 'Nigger Herald' over the disguised signature of "Senex," may be a kind of sitting at table with Dilly, when there is *no company*. To write about it or to it, over a real signature were a sitting with the poor black girl, when 'high ranked parishioners' were at the table, or brother ministers, who abhor slavery from the bottom of their hearts. Is not my venerable friend "perplexed" at thought of correspondence with the "Herald of Freedom", in sight of his clerical brethren, and of the white world around him? Would it not soil and besoot, in their *humble* eyes, the name of David Sutherland? This is only suggestion. We wait and see. For "Senex" *has* written and pub-

He wrote promptly and with abundant He can't have written *all* he knows or and he wrote on very brief notice. His is now announced. Was it rash in friend to announce it? We will excuse him. think he did right, though we should not his example in that particular. Our correspondents have peculiar reasons for writing

By the way, why was my aged, chieftian "perplexed" in the presence of his "high parishioners" at thought of admitting feature "Dilly" to the table and the parlor? *he was* perplexed, as well as his wife. He parishioners of high rank happened on a likewise. *What was to be done?*" What by whom? By my respected friend sure- and his disinterested wife. What was to be ? That is the question, and a fine one in a christian community. Why did it arise? What *Dilly* done, that it should "perplex" her kind christian friends, to have her found at their by their parishioners of high rank? And should *give high rank to such* parishioners! Was Dilly neat in person and decent in manners department? certainly, or she would have *perplexed*" our christian friends to come to their or their fireside, when *no* "parishioners of rank" were present—nothing ailed her, but her complexion—and that, if the fault of any one, was the fault of her Creator. It will *perplex* those parishioners, in spite of their *high rank*, to meet Dilly hereafter in His presence. What did my respected friend himself do, when he saw his worshipful parishioners coming and Dilly in the family circle, and the good lady of man-e "perplexed? Did he say wife let us banish this perplexity and not sin against God and our sister here, and if these uncolored parishioners don't like our guest's company, let them find company more congenial elsewhere. Did he take an independent stand for humanity and for God? No, he threw it off upon wife—where the lord of the household always throws the responsibility. The woman is *inferior*—the 'weaker vessel' and all that, and unworthy to form or express an opinion, especially in presence of her sovereign. But in case of "perplexity,"—why it is her "province to decide.' 'Do as you please,' says the husband *then*. My venerable friend is vindicating his own freedom from prejudice and his impartiality towards complexion' when he relates this "perplexity" at Dilly's being found at his table and in his parlor.

My friend did worthily to throw the responsibility upon his wife, and she did nobly—and *woman-like* to keep Dilly at her place, and not expatriate her *or* colonize her from her table and parlor, to please those "parishioners of high rank" and whiter *exterior* than Dilly's. Woman ought always to take and exercise the responsibility in all questions of philanthropy. She is fitter for it than man. The world has unfitted her for it less than it has him, who mingles more in it and is debased more by it. Had my friend not thrown the responsibility upon his excellent and amiable hearted wife, poor Dilly I fear would have been kindly and "with her own consent" advised to withdraw to some Liberia in the rear of the parsonage. It would have pained her kind hearted host. He would rather have expelled himself, than her. But what could he do? There were his "parishioners." Could he offend them! And they were of "high rank," and perhaps powerful supporters of the gospel there,—large contributors to the institutions of religion in that parish. To disgust them might forfeit their countenance and their support, and what would then become of the church of Christ in Bath? Who could have *sustained His* cause there, if this high rank should withdraw? *Respectors of religion*, no doubt they were. Lovers of the minister—as all Bath parishioners could not help being. To offend them would be a death blow to the prosperity of Zion there. They would withdraw and perhaps bestow their patronage on some *sectarian* house of worship. My friend could not have done it. He must have sent Dilly away from the table—and all for the best and most prudent motives in the world—even the same, that now keep him from countenancing this abolition movement, which is nothing better than a setting down of a nation of Dilly's in the parlor and at the table. And what, let me ask my worthy and benevolent friend, would his clerical brethren, nine-tenths of them, have done with Dilly, had their parishioners found her on a visit at *their parsonages!* He need scarcely reply to this, for they *never would have found her there*. Dilly knows full well where it will *not* do for her to go. How came she at Mr. Sutherland's? She had been admitted by the sweet spirited minister to the communion table, in the absence of the *stated pastor*, and she had heard too of the singular kindness of the good Mr. S. especially the good Mrs. Sutherland. She had heard of these *good, odd, disinterested* people, who would set at table even with a "Nigger." Odd indeed it is—odd as christian charity and as rare. Till next week,

My dear sir, your friend,

N. P. ROGERS.

Emancipation in the West Indies.

Complaints are frequently made that it does not work well. The great proof is that the sugar crop is lessened. And why should not it be lessened, if emancipation works well or works at all? Before emancipation, the sugar crop was all in all. It was the whole crop and fruit of slavery. All was raised and made that could be, and as much exported and as little consumed at home, as could be. It was the slave's business to *produce*—not *consume*. Now he is emancipated, and what follows. Why there is something else to be done in the Islands, beside the sweet work of making sugar to sell and nourish the idle masters. The colored man is no longer doomed and devoted and sacrificed to sugar making. It is not now "the chief end of man" there.

The man has something else to do. He has houses to build, to live in. His land to carry on, to raise provision on. He *eats* some of the sugar he makes, and does not leave it all to swell the crop for the market. He has to help build the school house and the *chapel*, aye the CHAPEL. There is great call for *chapels* in the West Indies. Chapels are *looking up* there. Chapels are *rising*. There is fencing to make, we take it, and premises to rig up and repair and make comfortable. The women too are leaving the *field*, and turning their hands to *house-work*. They are quitting *their sphere*, in the cane field, and betaking themselves to *domestic institutions*. And the children—they are going to school, and instead of making sugar, *making progress*, in the a b ab business. This draws off a good share of the effective force from the *sweet* business of the plantation. And after all, only one twentieth of the crop is diminished, from the utmost result of the whole slave force of the islands,—driven at the top of their speed, at high-pressure, whip-power. Only 1-20—such is the superior vigor and productiveness of free, over slave labor. The crop will by and by increase twenty-fold. Not all for exportation, to be sure—for consumption, portion of it—*home*-consumption—for there is getting to be HOMES in the West Indies. "Sun rise" no longer "brings sorrow" there.—"Childhood is" no more "wintry" in the sunny isles of the Carribean. Other things will be raised there, beside sugar, which, sweet as it is, is but a poor and *bitter* staff of life. Man cannot live by *sugar* alone. How unnatural and gloomy, to have those glorious gardens doomed to that solitary production! To have the patient and generous earth *enslaved* and prostituted to the unsightly and unsocial production of a single article only and that not the staff of life—not bread—not grown to live on but to sell, *to enrich* those who did not sweat in its production, only as they toiled with the whip, to drive unrequited (or *thus* requited) labor out of the wretched slave.

The earth never would spontaneously give her strength to such an unnatural production. She wants to yield *food* for *man* and *beast*, and not mere *merchandize*. She wants to yield it too, to free labor. She joys to have her bosom *vexed* with the *free* ploughshare and shaven with the scythe and the sickle of the shouting husbandman, who owns her *fee simple*. She likes to be ploughed and dressed by her own lords paramount—"them and their heirs forever." She likes to be freehold in the hands of those who cultivate *her acquaintance* and her surface. Yes, emancipation works gloriously in the West Indies. A friend told us this morning that a gentleman in New York, recently from Jamaica complained to him that he had to leave, in consequence of emancipation. He was an *overseer*. He had to quit, for *want of employ*, poor gentleman.—Others had to do the same. There was nobody left in the Island to oversee, or *over-look*. He brought an immense lot of gold and silver from the West Indies with him that he had *earned* there. The Wall Street sharpers got hold of him and eased him of the whole of it. It reminded us of the eagle plundering the fish hawk. We are glad the money has got into comparatively honest hands.

Webster in England.

Our towering countryman is now at the world's capitol and center, free there alike from the assaults and flatteries of base party, and free from its operations in his own lofty spirit. He can act himself to some extent in London, and they can give him grand occasion. They have not seen a bigger man there since the Norman conquest, to go back no farther. He has given them one slight taste of his oratory, at the agricultural dinner, where 3000 *farmers* of England sat down together in the old hall of Oxford. Exeter Hall, however, is the place for him to speak, or would be, if he were only an abolitionist. If he had only the soul of liberty in him there would be the place for him to eclipse even Brougham, Thompson and O'Connel,—for we feel that in strength and majesty of speech, our great orator could go beyond them all. But this he lacks. Politics has laid her paralyzing hands upon his heart. He

"Born for the Universe—narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up, what was meant for mankind."

Webster is not a narrow partisan. Far from it. But he is a statesman and a patriot, and that narrows down his eagle spirit to politics and to country. He cannot say with Garrison, "My country is the world, and my countrymen all mankind." Webster can speak gloriously on any occasion and on any subject but emancipation. On that, which is now the paramount theme among the nations, he is doomed to utter silence. He has had mighty occasions, but he let them slip. Once in Faneuil Hall, when old Mr. Harrison Otis tore down the flag of humanity, where it hung floating abroad over liberty's cradle. Webster might have rushed in there then, like the Black Knight at the passage of Arms at Ashby, and restored it to its place. But he was either false on the question, or mistook the magnitude of the occasion. Again when Calhoun insulted the world and liberty, by his tyrant resolutions in that prostituted senate hall. Then Webster should have spoken out for emancipation. But he thought the time had not come, or that the negro was not a man. Mistaken statesman. It was the tide time of his history, and he should have taken it then "at the flood." It would have "led" him "on to" glory and immortality, if not to "fortune." He temporized and was silent. Again he should have burst forth, for indignation, if nothing higher, when Preston threatened to assassinate the old right of speech—before the Senate and the country, both of whom sympathized in the threat which made it meet that Webster should notice it on the spot, but which probably forbade him to speak. Now another occasion offers. What the world would reckon an occasion, and perhaps, for a *politician* it is one. He never can be an abolitionist. But he may yet, honorably perhaps with the world, take sides, at this late day and in England, with universal emancipation. He is in an anti-slavery country—away from the spurious republic, among Englishmen. He breaths the atmosphere that surrounds O'Connel and Thompson, and that vibrates with their agitations for liberty. He is in the neighborhood of Brougham and Exeter Hall.

He is *hors du combat* in the presidential arena here, and may see expediency in starting anew in view of the future political strength of anti-slavery among his countrymen. How far ahead that may lie, before it shall take controlling hold of the land in his ken, we cannot conjecture, though he once remarked, we were told, that the elections of the country would one day and shortly, be determined by it. If the Presidency were in the gift of anti-slavery and approval with the "property and standing" of the country were in its gift also, (for Webster would not intrigue for *office* merely, like Van Buren or Clay) it would tempt him to spread his sail to our breezes, and bravely would he have sailed before them, for he was born and bred to be a freeman, and the speech of anti-slavery would mightily have become his tongue. Now, at any rate, is his occasion, *if ever*, now in England, where the assembled world would hear him. Oh, that he were so *circumstanced*, that he *could* speak for *liberty!* How it would inflame O'Connell to hear him? and the terrible Brougham, how he would labor to surpass himself to retain his supremacy in the eyes of Europe, which would be shaken, were Webster to speak there, in his illimitable strength. And the gallant and gorgeous young Thompson, he would blaze with enkindled glory, till the stately American, who *knew him not here*, should, darken with shame at his country's infamy, and deeply reproach himself, that he had not recognized, defended and honored the peerless young stranger in his own land. But it may not be. Webster is a *statesman*. He never can tread the platform of philanthropy. It is unbecoming a *statesman* to feel and to have sympathy. He is too wise and grave to experience *excitement*, unless perhaps the sublime excitement of politics. Agitation is beneath him, all but the agitation of contested election, of the game for power.

The following letter we insert by way of vindication of our generally *unargumentative* habit of editorial. Some of our John Locke sort of friends occasionally hint to us (very kindly) that we should *argue* and *reason* more, that we should win over more serious and conscientious people in this way, than by our unceremonious and irregular mode of anti-slavery warfare. Our Connecticut patron below answers these points better than we can. We will add merely, that there is a great deal of *seriousness* in the land, that is not conscientious, and a good deal of conscience that is not of *serious* outside. The real seriousness and the conscience of the country are *pretty much on our side now*. We dont look for much more accession to our active force. Our duty and object is to rally to *activity* and *energy* the forces we have got. We address ourselves to *abolitionists*. There is enough of them to rout slavery out of the country, by the blessing of God, in quick time, if they would only quit party and sectarianism and bring their moral artillery to bear on the nation and play upon it with hot shot. Two thirds of our number are an overmatch for pro-slavery, if they will only awake to the necessity of an *early* victory. They have got the idea, that *sometime or other* is as well as *right away*, in this matter. But they should remember that every day's slavery involves *three million* days of suffering. That every day's enslavement of our 3,000,000 is the enslavement of a single fellow countrymen over 8,000 years, a consideration worth all the effort, infitely augmented, of all our associations, from the beginning.—*Up* then with the steam. *On* with your fuel—your coal, your wood, "with all appliances and means to boot" Seal down hermetically your safety valve. Your "power" has no tendency to explosion. No pressure is too high—no speed too rapid. Your whole machinery is absolutely indestructible. Your engineer and guide is no other than the Captain of our Salvation, and your rail road track the wide, boundless scriptures of eternal truth and life. We cannot err but by *lingering*. We cannot stray, but by going back. No speed, short of an immediate touching of our goal, transcends our safety, or even *comes up to it*. We ought *now* to be there. Every moment we are on the way is *delinquency* and disobedience. We had accomplished our trip long ago, had we been faithful. Faith, practical faith to the amount of a mustard seed, the least of the seeds that germinate in the earth, would remove this mountain of slavery and plunge it from sight in the deep sea.

We thank our clear visioned and generous brother Gunn for his patronage and more for his *cheer*. A *battery* of such *guns* and we speedily bring the old dragon down from her nest among the cliffs. Shall we have the *guns* of *New-Hampshire* abolitionists, or must we rely on volunteers from old Putnam's Connecticut.

Dear Sir,—Having occasionally seen in the Liberator extracts from the Herald of Freedom, of which you are the editor, I have found the spirit in which you write correspond so well with my own views and feelings that I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of a more regular perusal of the emanations from your pen. I agree with you that there is no need of argument, for there is nothing to argue against. The great Henry Clay himself in speaking in favor of perpetua slavery could not bring forward any thing that bore even the shadow of an argument.—The disease is seated in the hearts of men and not in their heads. Stern rebuke and not labored reasoning must be the remedy. Men must be laughed out of their follies—for their vices they must be solemnly reproved. But argument cannot turn them from either. Your language cuts so closely that the culprit must writhe under its inflictions. But enough. I send you enclosed $3; please send me the Herald 2 years. Direct to FREDERICK W. GUNN

Washington, Conn.

The Anti-slavery Almanac for 1840 is out and ready for dispersion. Our townsman Mr Boyd has them for sale, and the State Society Committee are about sending agents abroad to supply, with him the people of the entire state. We give no description of the almanac. It speaks overpoweringly for itself, when it is inspected. It pours upon the old dragon system like a hail storm or rather like a volley of red hot shot such as old Admiral Elliot fired from the fortress of Gibraltar upon the Spanish fleet. Let all who have a groat to lay out for an almanac, buy this, rather than the miserable caricatures, that are going about under the names of "comic" and "Davy Crockett". Our people ought to be ashamed to buy or sell these despicable "pictorials."

We call the earnest attention of New-Hampshire professed Democrats to the following burning periods from the pen of our New-Hampshire brother Cartland, who holds the helm of the Pennsylvania Freeman. By the way, brother C. corrects us of a mistake the other day in attributing to him a fine article written by friend Whittier, and thinks our "keen eye" might have readily detected the Whittier in the article. In defence or palliation, we aver (after charging brother C. somewhat, for allowing friend Whittier to mount the editorial throne pro tem. incog. after a public abdication) that it takes optics much *keener* than our dim vision, to spy the difference between brother C. and his *own blood cousin*, friend W.—cousins in genius as well as by consanguinity—as will appear by the following article. We hope we don't mistake again the abdicator for the incumbent—though we will confess that we had some misgivings after our mistake went to press the other day, that the editorial we had attributed to Cartland *must* be Whittier's. There was that about it that nobody else writes, and we on the whole will confess to brother C. that we ought to have seen that it must have been nobody's else but Whittier's.

We ask our voting friends to look coolly at this matter for if we live to witness the coming round of an election time we shall *molest* them again on the duty of voting for anti-slavery, and not for party. Whether to scatter their votes on many or on few, we shall at all events demand in the name of the slave that he be not forgotten even in the giddy hurly of the polls, but remembered there even as at the altar.

Let our friends be so well prepared to act, that we shall have no occasion to enter the field of controversy with any paltry party press as we were obliged to do last spring—much to our distaste and to the soiling of our clothes and cause. Let them make up their minds firmly, before the party drill commences—so make them up to the right, that the assaults of party fury cannot, and our own labors and entreaties need not, move them to the one course or the other.

The National Convention, and the Democracy.

In publishing, last week, the proceedings of the National Anti-Slavery Convention, we were under the necessity of omitting the following letters, addressed to the Convention, for want of room. Let them be read attentively. They are noble testimonies, faithfully borne, in favor of the great principles on which the anti-slavery enterprise rests. It was to be expected that such men as Thomas Morris and Theodore Sedgwick would speak out manfully on such an occasion. They are not afraid to be known as the friends of universal liberty—as the determined opponents of every infringement upon man's rights—"no matter what complexion may have been burnt upon him"—no matter in what clime "his liberties may have been cloven down." Well may abolitionists feel encouraged by the honorable testimony which the Ohio ex-Senator bears to the correctness of their doctrines, and the integrity of their character.—It is no idle compliment bestowed for selfish ends; and our hope is that they may long continue to merit it. And what does he say! "I repeat it, the gentlemen who are now, in our country, engaged in the anti-slavery cause, seem to me to possess more moral worth and talent, more patriotism and love of country, than any other body of men in the United States, not even excepting the public councils of the nation."

Our readers will remember that both the gentlemen whom we have mentioned, belong to the *Democratic* party, so called. They are acknowledged, fearless and unwavering DEMOCRATS.—The one has represented his party in the Senate of the United States, ably and most honorably too; and the other has recently been the democratic candidate for lieutenant governor in Massachusetts. We revive these facts for the edification of the Washington Globe, and other kindred prints, that have taken so much pains to blind their readers in respect to anti-slavery movements. Abolition, say they, receives no countenance from the democracy.—And so eager have some been to carry out this idea, that they have acted a very ridiculous part, and manifested a weakness and ignorance, not very creditable to a republican.

John Page, now governor of New Hampshire, was respectfully questioned previous to the election, what his sentiments were in regard to emancipation, right of petition, &c. But with a curious pomposity, he deigned not to look down upon his fellow republicans, or recognize their right to invade his aristocratic indifference. He *stooped* not to reply. It would have been too degrading, *as he had been taught*, for him to look down from his throne on the White Mountains, and speak to the humble and "persecuted" laborer in a righteous cause. But Morris and Sedgwick are different men. Whether it is owing to their folly or their intelligence, we know not. Perhaps they may not have so much of "the old poison" of aristocracy yet running through their veins.

It may be profitable to compare the strange and bitter prejudice, which manifests itself by such contemptuous indifference, with mon the frank and high-souled bearing of the following replies.—Every man, of common sense, can determine which character partakes most largely of that ennobling, indestructible principle which wears the form, and has within it the essence of pure democracy. Real democracy—that power which is yet to pervade and govern the nations, shrinks from no contest with its giant enemy. With a fearless right arm, it goes out to battle with the steel-clad Philistine. Unshielded and unprotected by any armor save that of Truth, it fears not the hosts of despotism, although they come down from their battlements like the legions of old. It grapples, in deadly conflict, with that tyrant principle which enslaves and imbrutes man, Nor is it ashamed of its warfare—the struggle will go on through fire and persecution, until it stands gloriously triumphant with its heel upon the oppressor's neck. This is no idle enthusiasm—no Utopian dream. The promises of the coming day, shine out in peerless beauty from every page of inspiration. They are recognized and believed by the every impulse of man's nobler nature. They were joyously hailed in our country's infancy, and enstamped as living and indubitable truth upon our Declaration of Independence. In proclaiming its freedom, the nation solemnly uttered it before the world. And who is now so much a slave as to shrink from the sublime position marked out by the fathers of the Republic? Alas, there are too many. Look over the records of the past, and every where shall we find a moral pusillanimity stamped upon them.—But this spirit is not long to rule us. The fetterless mind will still assert and maintain its claim to freedom. And such is the lofty spirit breathed forth in the following epistles; from which we will detain the reader no longer.

The letters were published in last week's Herald.—*Ed.*

The following resolution of the Young Men's Society, was by accident omitted in the published proceedings of their annual meeting.

Resolved, That the Executive Committee be instructed to procure the services of two lecturing agents to labor under their direction in this State.

Th quantity of lumber surveyed in Bangor from April 20th to August 1, 1839, was 61, 484,457 feet; which at an average price of ten dollars a thousand feet, will amount to 614,844.—This is no inconsiderable item in the prosperity of the enterprising city of the east.

Crime in England.—In an official document lately published in England, containing a variety of important information respecting the state of crime in that country, it is stated that there is an average of upwards of 100,000 commitments annually to the jails, of the able-bodied population of England and Wales, for criminal offences; that there are from 11,000 to 20,000 persons constantly in the criminal jails, of which number a large proportion are persons known as living wholly by habitual depredation:—*Mer. Jour.*

Heavy Fleeces.—Ward M. Lincoln, of Brandon, has sheared 24 pounds of wool from two sheep, this season—it being only one year's growth. He also sheared 11 pounds from another; and from another still, 10 1-2—*Vt. Telegraph.*

HYMENEAL.

In the Methodist chapel in this place Sabbath morning last, by Rev. Mr. Hatch, Mr. John Wallace 3d to Miss Nancy Sanders, both of this town.

Notice.

A Camp Meeting is to commence at Concord N. H. Sept. 9th, 4 miles from the State House, on land owned by Atkinson Webster, near the Stage road leading from Concord to Hopkinton.

WM. D. CASS.

Aug 12th 1839.

The Chase Infirmary,

For the treatment of Hernia, or Rupture,
Concord, N. H.

HERNIA is here treated on the principles laid down by Dr. CHASE, of Philadelphia, in his Treatise on the RADICAL CURE of the disease, and as more fully exemplified and recommended in the report on the subject by the Committee of the Philadelphia Medical Society.

The perfect retention of the bowel is guaranteed in all cases of *reducible* Hernia, and a *radical cure* may be expected, except in cases of long standing in aged people. No attendance of the patient is required any further than to afford opportunity to adjust the degree of pressure necessary to ensure the certain retention of the bowel, provided the patient immediately report himself whenever a reappearance of the Hernia, or too much inflammation renders a different adjustment of the Instrument necessary.

Hull's, Chapin's, and a variety of other UTERO-ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS' for weakness and relaxation of the abdominal muscles in either sex, the whole forming an assortment from which persons afflicted with Hernia or other kindred complaints can hardly fail of making a selection adapted to any individual case.

THO. CHADBOURNE, M. D. Concord, N. H.

REFERENCES,

Amos Twitchell, M. D. Keene,
Matthias Spalding, M. D. Amherst,
Oliver Perry, M. D. Exeter,
C. A. Cheever, M. D. Portsmouth,
William Burns, M. D. Littleton.

August 24 6m

NOW ON HAND AT

Fessenden's Saddlery,

South of the State House, Main Street.

MIXER'S Patent Spring and Common Saddles—English and American Bridles—Bridle Bits—Silver and Brass Plated Stirrup Irons—French Valises—Travelling Bags—and a good assortment of TRAVELLING TRUNKS.

Concord, August 24, 1839.

POETRY.

Woman again. The following beautiful versification of a touching incident—touching to any heart that is not made of American *ossification*—is from a highly esteemed, though personally unknown correspondent. We learn by it her abolitionism—for which we give thanks to Him who wrought it. We thank the poet also—and in the name of the slave, ask further boon of the same kind at her hand. Let "poet's corner" in our little ship be hereafter occupied as "*ladies' cabin*." If verses of the other sex come on board we will give them as good quarters as the colored woman gets on board the steam boat—the open deck.—*Ed. Her.*

For the Herald of Freedom.

"The tender of the mill was an old man, whose despised locks were grey and thin, and on whose brow the hands of time and sorrow had written many effaceless lines. 'You like the apprenticeship as well as freedom, don't you?' we asked. 'Oh no, massa: freedom *still better*.' 'You are old and will not enjoy freedom long; why do you wish for freedom then?' 'Me want to *die free* massa, and me want to see children free too.'—*Emancipation in the West Indies, p. 59.*

I saw an aged man, oppressed with woe,
Walk faintly on, irresolute and slow,
His silver locks played loosely in the wind,
His restless glance betrayed an anxious mind,
And tears, that down his cheek unbidden stole
Proclaimed the secret anguish of his soul;
For on that care-worn brow were lines that spoke
Of all the ills of *slavery's* galling yoke,
And one might read in that dejected eye,
Of long years spent in hopeless misery,
Of woes untold—of sorrows unexpressed,
Of griefs unshared—of wrongs yet unredressed;
But when that joyful man-tate he had heard,
That by one thrilling, life-inspiring word,
Transformed from *brutes* degraded and oppressed,
To *men*, enfranchised, civilized and blest,
Thousands, who till they saw this happy day,
Had pined in sullen, hopeless grief away,
I looked again; and oh the change that passed
Upon that brow! no longer overcast
With the dark cloud of misery and care,
And the heart-withering anguish of despair,
The hopes that conscious liberty inspire
Illumed his eye with more than youthful fire,
And earth scarce felt the light elastic tread,
As swiftly o'er the ground his footsteps sped.
'Alas! old man,' said I, 'canst *thou* rejoice
Even at the sound of Freedom's heavenly voice?
Those notes tho' sweet as from an angel's breath,
Have yet no power to stay the shafts of death.
Thy days are numbered, thou wilt never know
The joys with which the free man's bosom glow.'
'And is it then,' he said, 'no joy to me
That ere I die, I see my children free?
That if I longer on the earth awhile,
I yet may greet them with a *free man's smile*,
And when I sink worn out with toil and age,
A *free man's blessing* shall their grief assuage,
And when with filial reverence they pay
The last sad duties to this lifeless clay,
They *feel* that underneath the humble sod,
There rests a *man*, the image of his God,
Not think the tear that falls upon my grave,
Moistens the turf that hides the perished *slave*.'

L. A. S.

From the Emancipator.

Lines,

Written on leaving Porto Rico, on the United States, for Great Britain.

BY REV. JOHN SCOBLE.

Land of the Pirate and the Slave,
Where every virtue finds a grave,
And every vice triumphant reigns,
That man, in all his vileness, stains;
I hate thee! though thy mountains rise,
In solemn grandeur to the skies;
I hate thee! though thy valleys gleam,
With beauty in the morning beam;
I hate thee! though thy plains untold
More precious wealth than mines of gold;
I hate thee! lovely as thou art,
And joy to hear the word, depart!
Land, which the Tyrant long hath trod,
And dared usurp the throne of God;
Land, where the Slave no respite knows,
From toils, and stripes, and bitter woes
Land where the murderer finds a home,
And avarice delights to come:—
Degraded in thy majesty,
Land of the vile, I haste from thee!
Propitious gales! bear me away,
Over the bright and bounding sea,
To Britain's fair, and man's loved Isles,
Where Virtue reigns and Freedom smiles!

Hymn,

Sung at the celebration of the first of August, by the National Anti-Slavery Convention at Albany, and written for the occasion by the Rev. John Scoble.

Hasten, O Lord, we pray,
The great and glorious hour,
When from the river to the sea,
The earth shall own thy power;

When thy pure Gospel light
Shall lighten every Isle,
And, guided by its radiance bright,
The wilderness shall smile;

When from the Plains below,
Unto the Heights above,
The heart of every man shall glow
With Liberty and Love;

When solemn praise and prayer
To thee shall ever rise,
And earth itself become once more
A blissful Paradise.

MISCELLANY.

From the N. Y. Evangelist.

The next step is the *Legislative Hall*, the house of Pharaoh. The lord of Egypt, though a tyrant and a heathen, is constrained to acknowledge the right of petition, and to listen to the demands of his slaves. These demands are bold. They assert the paramount sovereignty of the God of Israel—the utter inconsistency of requiring his freeborn children to be slaves—and the total incompatibility of a state of slavery with the exercise of the rights of conscience. They demand, therefore, the *immediate emancipation* of the whole Hebrew race. "Thus saith the Lord, let my people go, that they may serve me." Unable to justify the system of oppression, and unwilling to surrender it, the tyrant disputes Jehovah's lordship over the body, and tramples on the petition itself. Moses and Aaron are branded as *insurrectionists*, because of their interposition:—"Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron, let the people from their work? get you unto your burdens."

And now the cords are tightened, the yoke made more galling. Alas! for these *anti-slavery leaders!* What have they done? What has all their labor availed? See! Are not their brethren more oppressed and crushed than before? Are not the little comforts, with which they had till now been favored, taken from them? Such are ever the first fruits of anti-slavery efforts. The labor of the Hebrew is increased. The time needed for rest must now be given up to the vain search for materials of labor. New power is given to the overseers. The slave-driver is seen urging on the wearied laborer with the lash, and taunting him with the cry, "Ye are idle—ye are idle!" Their sufferings are in every respect enhanced.

In vain do they plead with Pharaoh for some relaxation of their toils. As well might they seek water in a furnace. And now, alas for Moses and Aaron! The bleeding slaves, as they issue from the palace, mock these two primitive *abolitionists*. In the bitterness of their anguish, they hurl their keen reproaches on these, their only earthly friends. Moses himself begins to doubt the propriety of his measures and thus complains before his God: "Lord! wherefore hast thou so evil entreated this people? why is it that thou hast sent me? For since I came to Pharaoh to speak in thy name, he hath done evil to this people; neither hast thou delivered thy people at all." In prayer he is strengthened and reassured.

Encouraged by the voice of God, this noble philanthropist revisits the oppressed people, but finds them the victims of despair. "They hearkened not unto Moses for anguish of spirit, and for cruel bondage." Moses, however, has gone too far to retreat. He is fully committed to the work of emancipation. *Liberty or death*, henceforth is his constant watchword. He addresses himself again to the oppressor. He presses the burning truth of God's right to the services of the people, especially on the Sabbath—presses it upon the conscience of the tyrant, until the eye of the despot flashes terror. To aid him in the work, the judgements of God are poured, with alarming frequency, and with desolating fury upon the land. The produce of their soil—the fruit of slave labor, is consumed. Their wealth is devoured—their land impoverished. The hand of God is on them, and they tremble at the coming wrath. At length the startling truth is flashed upon their conscience—GOD IS JUST. In a paroxism of pain and remorse, the tyrant promises to let the people go, if the judgement is removed. It is done, but the galling chains remain.

The judgments of God return—heavier and heavier. An impression is made at last upon the lordly slaveholders. Compromises are called for. At first, a little relaxation from toil is promised. The Hebrews are to continue slaves, but to have time given them for religious duties: Go ye, sacrifice to your God in the land." Or, they may have a sort of carnival—a remission of labor for several days, after which they must return to their bonds again: "I will let you go, only ye shall not go very far away." Or, a system of *Gradual Emancipation* may be entered upon; a part of the race may enjoy liberty, while the remainder continue in bondage:—"Go now, ye that are *men*, and serve the Lord." The women and children must remain. Or, finally, they may all go, if their masters are *compensated*; "Only let your flocks and herds be stayed."

To all these attempts at compromise the Hebrew Liberator has but one reply: "Thus saith the Lord, let my people go, that they may serve me." He asks, he demands, nothing short of IMMEDIATE AND ENTIRE EMANCIPATION. The Hall of Legislation is now shut against him.—Until this hour his remonstrances, though often denied and trampled on, have been heard. But now *the Gag Law* is passed. He is told to be gone. The penalty of death is affixed to the crime of being an *abolitionist*. "Get thee from me, take heed to thyself, see my face no more: for in that day thou seest my face thou shalt die."

Though a price is thus put upon the head of Moses, and his name branded as infamous, it is easy to see that no man is more feared: "The man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt, in the sight of Pharaoh's servants, and in the sight of the people."—No man was more talked of. True, they denounced him, as a hair brained enthusiast, a visionary theorist, a reckless fanatic, a dangerous incendiary. And yet no man so troubled their consciences, so awakened their anxieties, so roused their apprehension, so terrified them by his simple, homely, unvarnished tales of wrong and woe. They knew that he had not exaggerated the horrors of the cruel system, to which they were clinging with a death-grasp. They knew, that he understood well the rights of men.

To rid themselves of so troublesome an intruder, they doubtless urged upon him the plea, that however wrong it might have been to enslave the ancestors of these miserable beings, it was now a greater wrong to wrest from the hands of the slaveholder the property, which, without any fault of his own, he had so honestly inherited—that it would be utterly unpardonable thus to plunge the lords of the soil into the depths of poverty, and compel them and their children to employ their delicate hands in the drudgery of the shop, the kitchen, and the field. Moses was often told, doubtless, as he approached the palace, that he had better let the slaveholders manage this matter themselves, that the slaves were altogether unfit for freedom, and that it would be better for them to be first prepared for freedom. I wonder who were to be their schoolmasters;—where they were to have *night-schools*, and if so, when were they to eat and sleep. But I suppose that they did not think it necessary to present the details of the excellent system—the *better way*—by which they were to prepare these poor slaves, after most of them had gone down to the grave, to be free some 50 or 100 years thereafter. Most eloquently and feelingly did they depict the dangers of assassination, should such a gang at once be set loose. Did they think that they had wronged the slaves so, that they had just cause fear the knife? If so, what a confession of the guilt of holding their fellow-men in bondage!

But the heads of Moses and Aaron, now withered by the frosts of fourscore winters and more, were too cool to be excited by these panic-makers. To all these pleas they still made the one reply, *Thus saith the Lord*, let my people go, that they may serve me."—The principles of human rights which they advocated, could not be made to bend to the convenience or covetousness of men. They were engaged in conflict, where it was base to yield or flee. It was a contest between Truth and Falsehood—Right and Wrong—Light and darkness—Love and Hate—Heaven and Hell. How could they falter—how doubt? The victory is sure. God is with them.

——— What song is that which bursts from the farther side of yon sea of blood?—It is the sisterhood of Israel, shouting with timbrels and with dances—"Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." It is the song of Jubilee—the Jubilee of nearly three millions of yesterday's slaves—disenthralled, emancipated, free. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Hard Language.

From Garrison's of July Address.

We are accused of using hard language. I admit the charge. I, for one say in extenuation, that I have not been able to find a *soft* word in the English tongue to describe villany, or identify the perpetrator of it. The man who makes a chattel of his brother—what is he? The man who keeps back the hire of his laborers by fraud—what is he? They who prohibit the circulation of the Bible—what are they? They who compel two millions of men and women to herd together, in promiscuous intercourse, like brute beast—what are they?—They who sell mothers by the pound, and children in lots to suit purchasers—what are they? I care not what terms are applied to them, provided they *do* apply. If they are not thieves, if they are not adulterers, if they are not tyrants, if they are not man-stealers, I should like to know what is their true character, and by what names they may be called. It is as mild an epithet to say that a thief is a thief, as it is to say that a spade is a spade. Words are but the signs of ideas. 'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.' Language may be misapplied, and so be absurd and unjust—as, for an example, to say that an abolitionist is a fanatic, or that a slaveholder is an honest man. But to call things by their right names is to use neither hard nor improper language. Epithets may be rightly applied, it is true, and yet be uttered in a bad spirit, or with a malicious design. What then? Shall we discard all terms which are descriptive of crime, because they are not always used with fairness and propriety! He who when he sees oppression, cries out against it—who, when he beholds his equal brother trodden under foot by the iron hoofs of despotism, rushes to his rescue—who, when he sees the weak overborne by the strong, takes sides with the former, at the imminent peril of his own safety—such a man needs no certificate to the excellence of his temper, or the sincerity of his heart, or the disinterestedness of his conduct. It is the apologist of slavery—he who can see the victim of thieves lying bleeding and helpless on the cold earth, and yet turn aside like the callous hearted priest and Levite—who needs absolution.

But I will not enlarge upon this point. If southern slaveholders, and their apologists, cannot endure our rebukes, how will they be able to bear the awful retributions of heaven, which must inevitably overwhelm them, unless they speedily repent? I am ready to make a truce with the South: if she will give up her stolen property. I will no longer brand her as a thief; if she will desist from driving woman into a field like a beast, under the lash of a brutal overseer,—from stealing infants, from trafficking in human flesh, from keeping back the hire of the laborers by fraud, I will agree not to call her a monster; if she will honor the marriage institution, and sacredly respect the relations of life, and no longer license incest, pollution and adultery, I will not represent her as Sodomitish in spirit and practice; if she will no longer prevent the unobstructed circulation of the holy scriptures, and the intellectual and religious education of her benighted population, I will not stigmatize her as practically atheistical. In short, if she will abolish her diabolical slave system, root and branch, at once and forever, we will instantly disband all our anti-slavery societies, and no longer agitate the land. But, until she thus acts, we shall increase instead of relaxing our efforts—multiply instead of diminishing our associations—and make our rebukes more terrible than ever!

Voting.

The New York Express kindles with something of indignation at the idea that abolitionists should carry their principles to the polls. He protests that the concession should be made to "Political abolitionism."—It is a dangerous thing, he affirms. And so it is to pro-slavery office-holders and servile office seekers. The Express will eat its own words before the Presidential election, but the repast will by no means be a novel one. Why should not abolitionists carry their principles to the polls, as well as the "Whigs" or "Democrats?" May they not claim to be quite as sincere in their pretentions, and as honest in their purposes?—*Witness.*

Right, brother Burleigh. A man who votes out his paltry, partizan feelings in an adherence either to whiggism or democracy, and yet, "protests" against an abolitionist's voting out *his* principles, has not the spirit of manhood in him. Every person has a right to vote for whom he pleases, irrespective of party trammels, and he is not far from being himself a slave, who does not exercise it. It is singular indeed, if demagogues and hireling politicians are to read homilies of this kind to the "unbought farmer" and the independent mechanic. In the name of freedom and common self-respect, we protest, too, against this officious and intolerant dictation. We would never yield an inch on this point.—*Pa. Freeman.*

John C. Calhoun.

This "great nullifier" completely nullifies himself, and every other slaveholder in the land. What abolitionist was ever more fanatical than he? Who among them ever advocated a more heretical doctrine than is contained in the following "sentiment," which was lately sent by him to a New York Committee, who had invited him to deliver an oration in that city.—*Pa. Freeman.*

Though circumstances will not permit me to accept the honor proffered, and to be present at your celebration, it will not, I trust, be considered an intrusion to offer the following sentiment:—

"Equality, in its broadest sense, of rights and privileges between citizen and citizen, pursuit and pursuit, and one portion of the country and another, the deep and solid foundation of our political fabric; preserve that and all is safe—destroy it, and the whole would rush headlong to the dust." To Richard J. Smith, Steven R. Harris, and C. H. Dougherty, Esqs.

A lady sends us the following anecdote. It is but a specimen of the cruelties practised on the poor slaves. The fact comes well authenticated. We give the fact as communicated to us by letter.

"At one of the fashionable places of resort in Kentucky, a lady was at the dinner table with her slave. It was at a time when Tomatoes were scarce. She ordered her slave to go to the opposite side of the table to bring her some: as he reached out his hand to take them, a monster that wore the guise, and bore the name of gentleman, took his fork and pinned the poor creature's hand to the table; a slight groan escaped him and that was all as the blood gushed from the wound. The lady resented the injury as she would that of any favorite animal, left the table and bound up his hand for him, wondering at the cruel treatment of the man, but I fear she was blinded to the cruelty of that system which subjects a human being to such treatment."

A Condition.

'Seven slaves, liberated by the will of the late Robert McGill, Esq. of Rockingham, Virginia, *on condition of going to Liberia*, have reached Norfolk, and will immediately depart in the ship Saluda for Africa.'—*New York Evening Post.*

This is a land of liberty. If the slaves of Robert McGill had refused to go to Liberia, they would have been sold like the rest of the estate, if need be, and would have remained slaves, together with their posterity. Rather a tough sort of liberty, that. Free with a vengeance! Fine, generous, noble condition! No compulsion at all—not a whit! If they would not go to Africa—only a few thousand lashes for themselves and their posterity, dealt out according to the caprice of successive owners.

Since writing the above, we find another case, in which the same oppressive principle is carried out.

'*For Africa.*—We learn, says the Norfolk Herald, that eighteen negroes, who were liberated by John R. Rix, Esq. of Raleigh, N. C. on condition of their emigrating to Liberia, have arrived in this town, and taken passage in the ship Saluda, about to sail for Africa. One woman, who refused to leave this county, will be sold in pursuance of the will of Mr. Rix.'

Poor woman! By what authority is she to be sold into slavery, because she chooses to reside in America instead of Africa.—These instances are enough to make a man sink at heart. And yet this is one of the mildest operations of the horrid system.—These are even quoted as specimens of philanthropy. These are the *tender* mercies of slavery!—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Narrow Escape.

Mr. James Ranney and wife, who live about 9 miles east of Lowville, in Watson, N. Y., left home on business, leaving their house in charge of their oldest child, a girl aged about 12 years. Near noon the girl heard the infant, aged 14 months, which had been laid while asleep on a bed in an adjoining bedroom, utter a horrid screech, upon which she immediately ran to its relief, and imagine her feelings upon opening the door to see a panther with the babe in its mouth leaping from an open window immediately over the bed! But she like a true heroine, sprang upon the bed, and then out of the window, screaming at the height of her voice and upon being joined by the other children about the house, pursued the panther at her utmost speed. They followed it about 40 rods to a pair of bars which separated the clearing from the forest, at which place the girl states she approached to within 15 or 20 feet of the panther, when it relinquished its hold of the child, leaped the bars and made its way into the forest. The infant was picked up much strangled from its rapid movement through the grass and sand which had filled its mouth and eyes, but soon recovered and is now well, saved a few scratches about its body, which have the appearance of having been made by the panther's teeth. The girl states that the panther dropped the child once before arriving at the fence, and it is supposed the giving way of the clothes was the cause, as they were much torn.—*Lowville Journal.*

To New England Editors and Publishers.

The publisher of the Boston Almanack proposes to furnish for that publication for 1840, a complete list of all newspapers, magazines, &c. printed and published in New England. In order to get the desired information, he requests the editors and publishers to send him one number of each of their respective publications, for which he will send the return (when published) a copy of the Almanack, for 1840.

Will Editors in the New England States please give this an insertion, and send a copy of their publication to S. N. Dickinson, Washington Street, Boston?

Fresh Trouble in Florida.—The Seminoles have given fresh and bloody proof of their good faith in the fulfilment of treaties. A party of 28 men under Lt. Col. Riley, who had gone to the post on the Cockatchie river, to establish a trading house under the late treaty of Fort King, which was to terminate the war (!) was attacked whilst sleeping unguarded, (on the faith of the treaty, and *good faith* of the Indians) the morning of the 23d July before sunrise, and *fifteen* of their number were killed. Col. Harney and the rest barely escaped by flight, and the fortunate circumstance of having a vessel in the harbor.

The Crops.—Extract of a letter to the Editors of the Boston Commercial Gazette from one of the most extensive farmers in Dayton, Ohio, dated August 1:—"We are in the midst of a most abundant harvest, and as the labor of handling it is more than the lightest I am rather tired of the sight of wheat. Flour sells very slowly at *three dollars and seventy five cents*. I am raising Indent Wheat will sell for 62 1-2 cents per bushel in a few weeks. Corn and Potatoes look better than I ever saw them before."

N. P. Rogers,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Concord, N.H. Office over the Concord Bank.

Greely & Morrill,

DEALERS IN DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN

SADDLERY,

LIKEWISE Manufacturers and Dealers in HARNESSES, TRUNKS, VALISES, and CARPET BAGS, of which they keep constantly on hand an extensive assortment, ready supplied. Gass' American Hotel, at the sign of the Horse.
Concord, May 25, 1839. 3m48

SADDLES.

JUST received, a lot of Men's Riding Saddles which will be sold very low for cash,
At the Sign of the Horse.
GREELY & MORRILL.
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Bonnets,

AT THE GREAT 8

SOME of the FINEST and best STYLES of BONNETS that have ever been offered in this Market may be found at ESTABROOKS'
☞ Directly in front of the State House.
April 20. tf

Just Published,

THE Life of WM. M. RICHARDSON, LL.D. Late Chief Justice of the Superior Court of New-Hampshire. A neatly executed duodecimo of 90 pages. For sale by BOYD & WHITE,
At the Concord & Brattleboro' Bookstore.

TRUNKS! TRUNKS!!

NOW Manufacturing, a New and Superior article of *TRAVELING TRUNKS*,
At the Sign of the Horse.
GREELY & MORRILL.
Concord, May 25, 1839. 3m48

NEW BOOKS.

SLAVERY AS IT IS; JAY'S VIEW; BIRNEY'S ARGUMENT, received and for sale by
June 15. I. S. BOYD.

New Arrivals!

RECEIVED this week at the great 8 Nine Cases of DRY GOODS,
Containing a splendid selection of the most
FASHIONABLE SPRING GOODS,
which are offered to the public at reduced prices for the ready cash by
April 20. W. W. ESTABROOK, Agt.

Medicine to Lend,

HARDY'S GENUINE ADHESIVE SALVE.

MR. HARDY would take this opportunity to inform the afflicted and the inhabitants of New Hampshire generally, that he continues to prepare his adhesive salve as usual and offers it to the public on the terms above of medicine to lend. Hardy's adhesive salve is recommended with confidence to lame back, local rheumatism, pain in the side and breast, scalds, burns, and freezes, flesh wounds, bruises, sprains, broken bones, weakness in the joints, crick in the back, old sores, leg and hip complaints, cracked hands, draughts on the feet, ague in the breast, biles, corns on the feet, horse flesh when galled by the saddle or harness, and occasional sores in most kinds to which the human family are subject. As the proprietor will rely alone on the merits of this salve for testimony to sustain it, he will appropriate one twelfth part for the public benefit. The salve will come in rolls neatly put up, wrapped with a label containing full directions for using. All above a line drawn around the roll may be used at the proprietor's expense and the remainder returned in thirty days if not satisfied of its utility. Local agents have been appointed in many towns and will be in the towns through the State as soon as may be—Medicine to Lend—test the genuine by the terms of sale. Prepared only by Samuel Hardy, sole proprietor, Cornish Flat, N. H., and by him sold wholesale and retail. Retail price 25 cts. per roll. A liberal discount to those buying to sell again. All orders, by mail or otherwise, will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. Orders by mail must be post paid. Mr. Hardy will not introduce to the public any certificates in favor of his salve, but will only request people as they prove it, to communicate the result to their neighbors.
SAMUEL HARDY.
Cornish Flat, June 15, 1839. eowly

☞ *The above medicine can be obtained at the Book-store of I. S. Boyd, Concord N. H.*

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